MARVEL COMICS
AN AMERICAN TAIL
FIEVEL GOES WEST
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EARLY JAN
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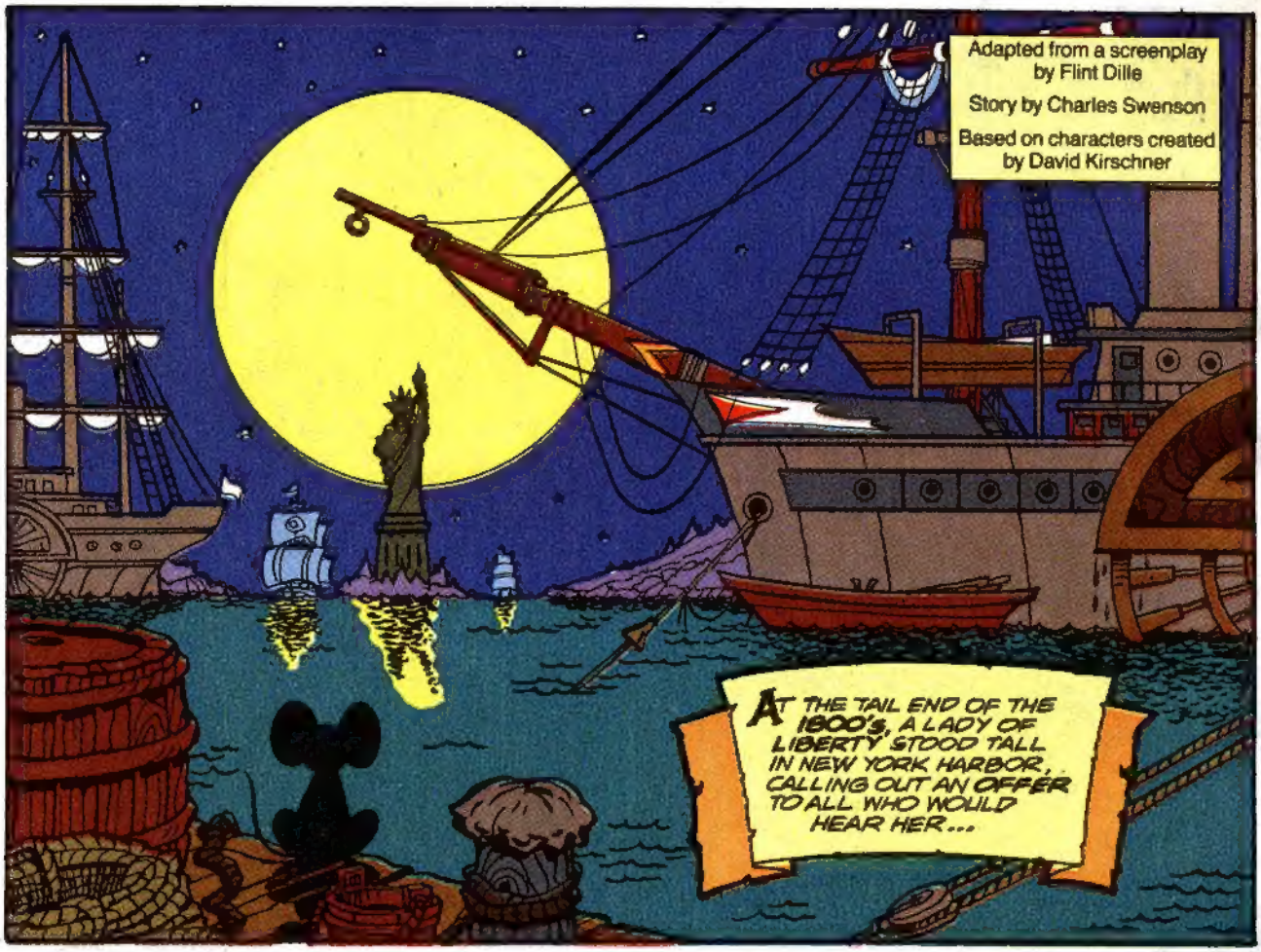
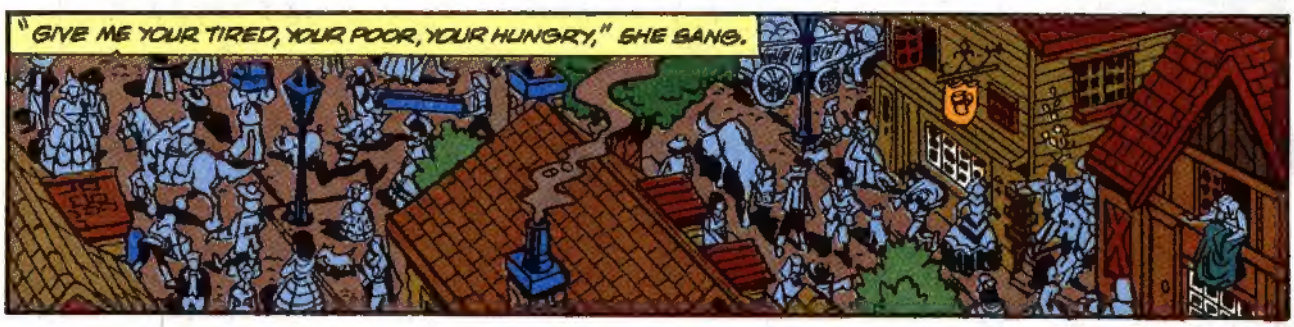
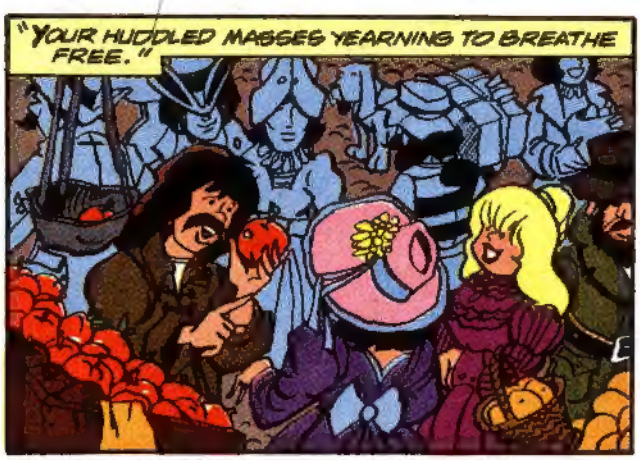
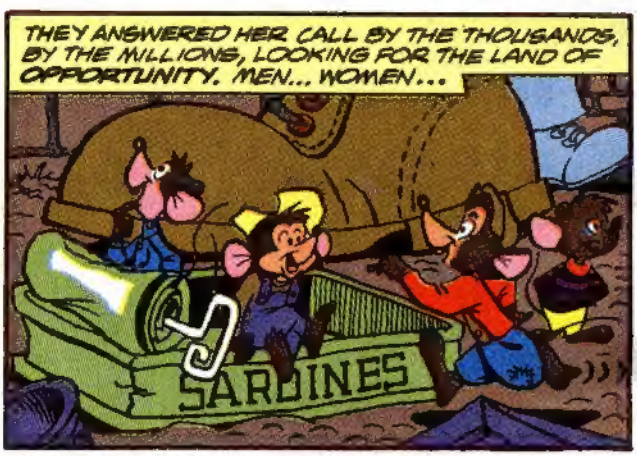
AUTHORITY
PART ONE OF THE SMASH MOVIE ADAPTATION!
30TH ANNIVERSARY
THE FANTASTIC FOUR
1961-1991


Adapted from a screenplay by Flint Dille
Story by Charles Swenson
Based on characters created by David Kirschner
AT THE TAIL END OF THE 1800's, A LADY OF LIBERTY STOOD TALL IN NEW YORK HARBOR, CALLING OUT AN OFFER TO ALL WHO WOULD HEAR HER...







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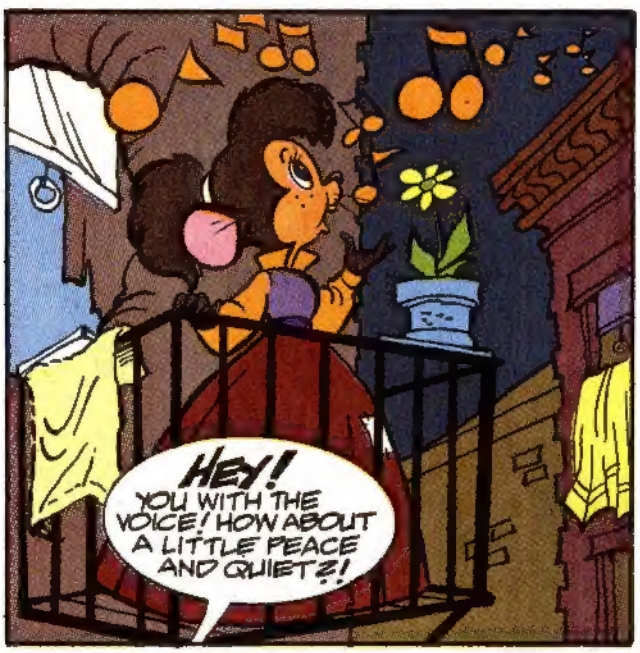
...AND MICE. ESPECIALLY THE MICE.
GO WEST, YOUNG MOUSEKEWITZ
Adapted from a screenplay by Flint Dille
Story by Charles Swenson
Based on characters created by David Kirschner
SALE! BERRIES
LUNCH
GRAPES
TWINE
fragile
CARROT RINGS
D.G. CHICHESTER
WRITER
GEORGE WILDMAN
ARTIST
Gaspar • LETTERER
MIKE ROCKWITZ
COLORIST
NEL YOMTOV
EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO
BIG CHEESE

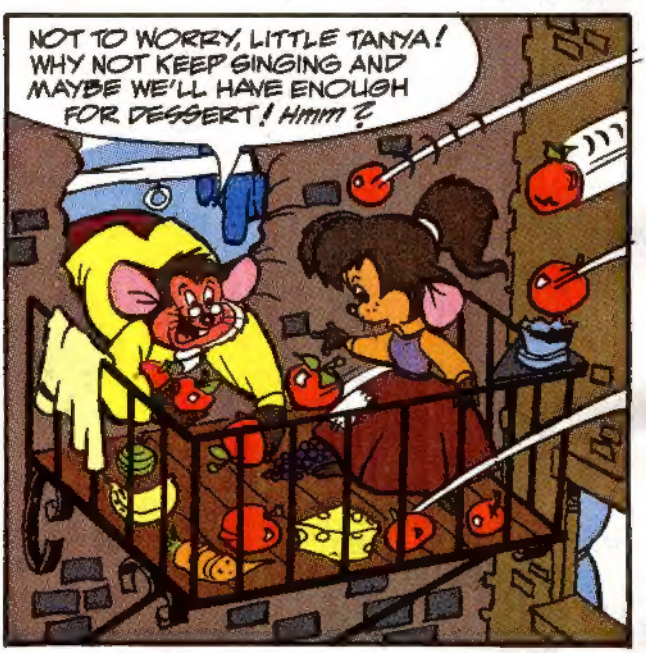
WHAT? WHAT, MOUSEKEWITZ? FACE IT, NOBODY WANTS YOUR FIDDLES!
THIS IS NOT A FIT PLACE FOR MAN NOR MOUSEKEWITZ...
CHEAP
LOW PRICE

NUTHIN' I CAN DO, MISSUS MOUSEKEWITZ!
S-SORRY, MA'AM... S-SAY "HI" TO TANYA FOR ME!
I WILL... BUT FIRST I MUST TELL HER IT IS TO BE ANOTHER NIGHT WITH NO CHEESE!..
NO CHEESE TODAY!
CHEESE


HEY! YOU WITH THE VOICE! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET?!

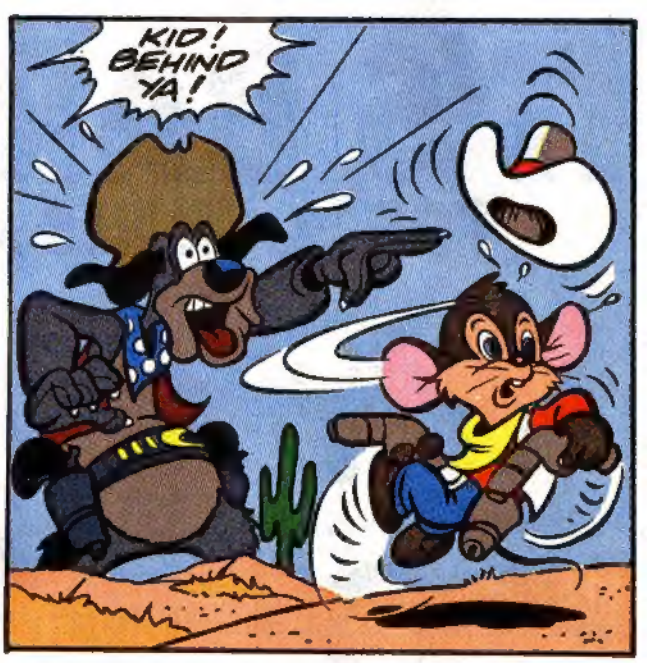
CRACK!
SMASH!!
THAT'S IT! YOU GONE AND BROKE MY MIRROR, YOU CRAZY CROONER--

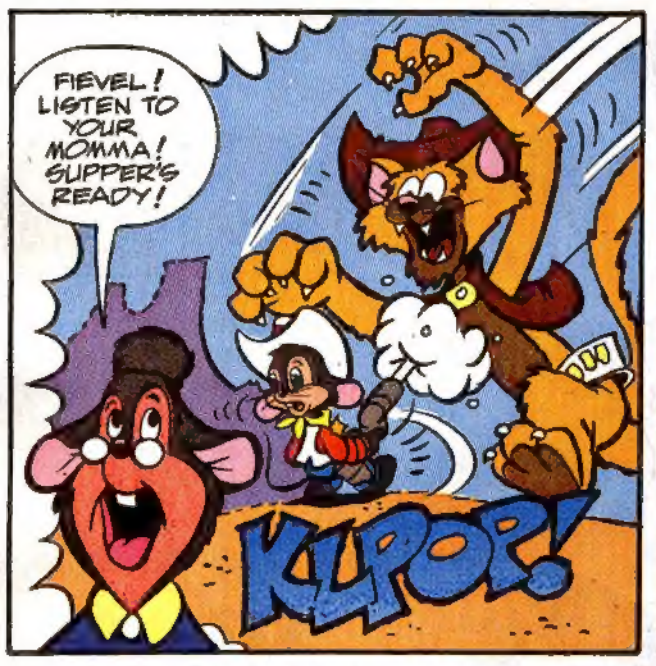
PAPA! THEY'RE THROWING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES AT ME AGAIN!


NOT TO WORRY, LITTLE TANYA! WHY NOT KEEP SINGING AND MAYBE WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR DESSERT! HMM?

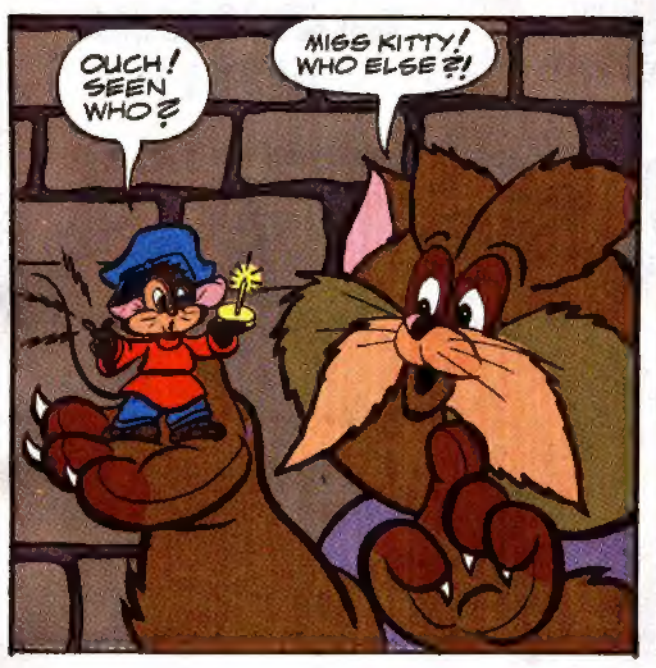
"AND THEN SHERIFF WYLIE BURP SQUINTED DOWN THE DUSTY STREET. HOPELESSLY SURROUNDED BY THE CACTUS CAT GANG, HE STOOD HIS GROUND, REFUSING TO BACK DOWN..."
OUR HERO--WYLIE BURP
HAVE NO FEAR, SHERIFF FIEVEL--I MEAN, PHILLY--THE KID IS HERE TO HELP!
IT'S TOO TOUGH, KID! GET OUT WHILE YA CAN!
IF YOU'RE BITIN' THE DUST, SHERIFF, I'M GOIN' DOWN WITH YA!
KRON!
POW!
POW
YA SAVED MY LIFE, KID... I AIN'T NEVER GONNA FORGET THIS!

HERE, SON, I WANT YOU TO HAVE ONE OF THESE.
AW, IT WEREN'T NOTHIN'...


KID! BEHIND YA!


FIEVEL! LISTEN TO YOUR MOMMA! SUPPER'S READY!
KLPOP!

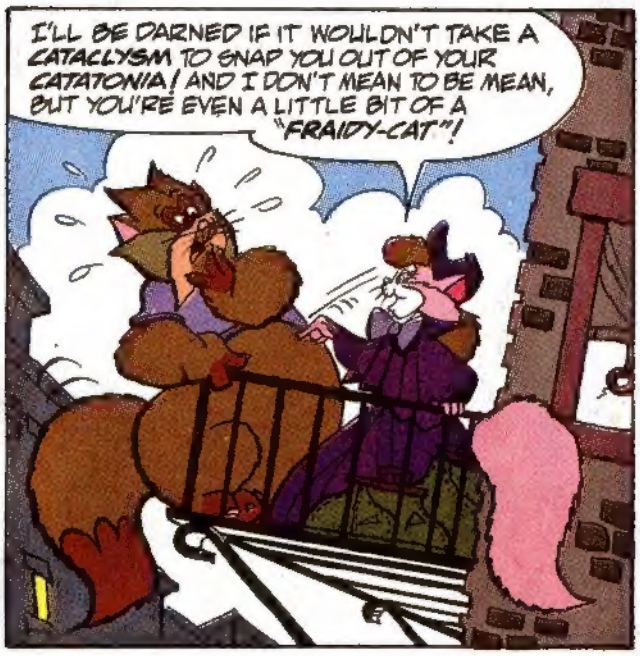
OOPS! SORRY, TIGER!
HAVE YOU SEEN HER, FIEVEL!? HAVE YOU SEEN HER?!


OUCH! SEEN WHO?
MISS KITTY! WHO ELSE?!

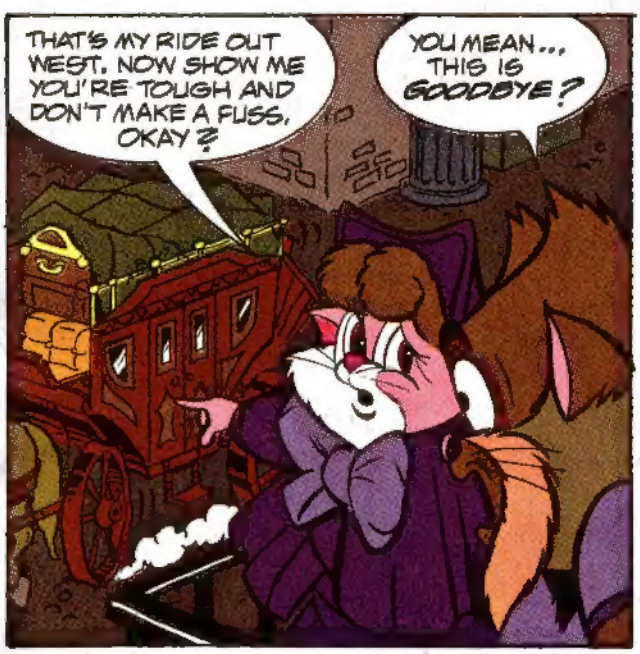
UP THERE, RO-MEOW, BUT YOU BETTER HURRY-- IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING SOMEWHERE!
GOTCHA, PAL O' MINE! SEE YOU LATER!

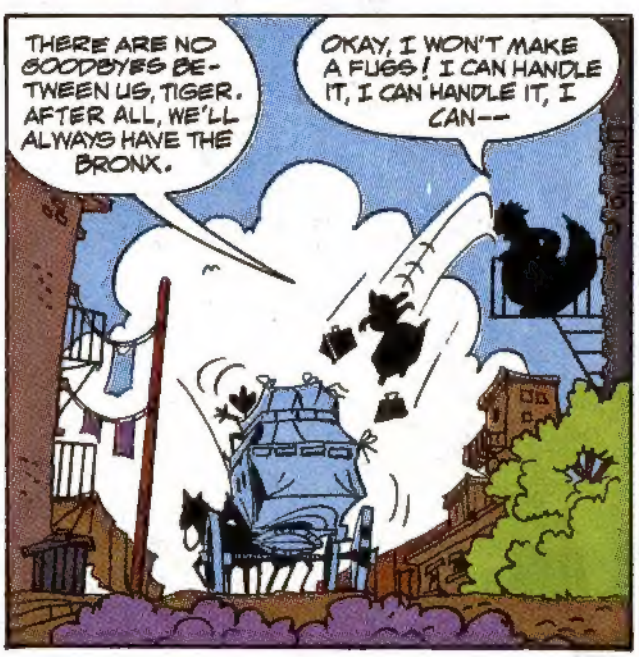
KITTY! LET'S HAVE AN ESPRESSO AND TALK THIS OVER!
PLEASE, TIGER, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS!
I'VE GOT A TICKET TO SUNSHINE AND I'M GOING WEST. I HEAR THERE'S A TOWN THAT PROMISES A NEW FRONTIER... AND A BRAND NEW BREED OF CAT.

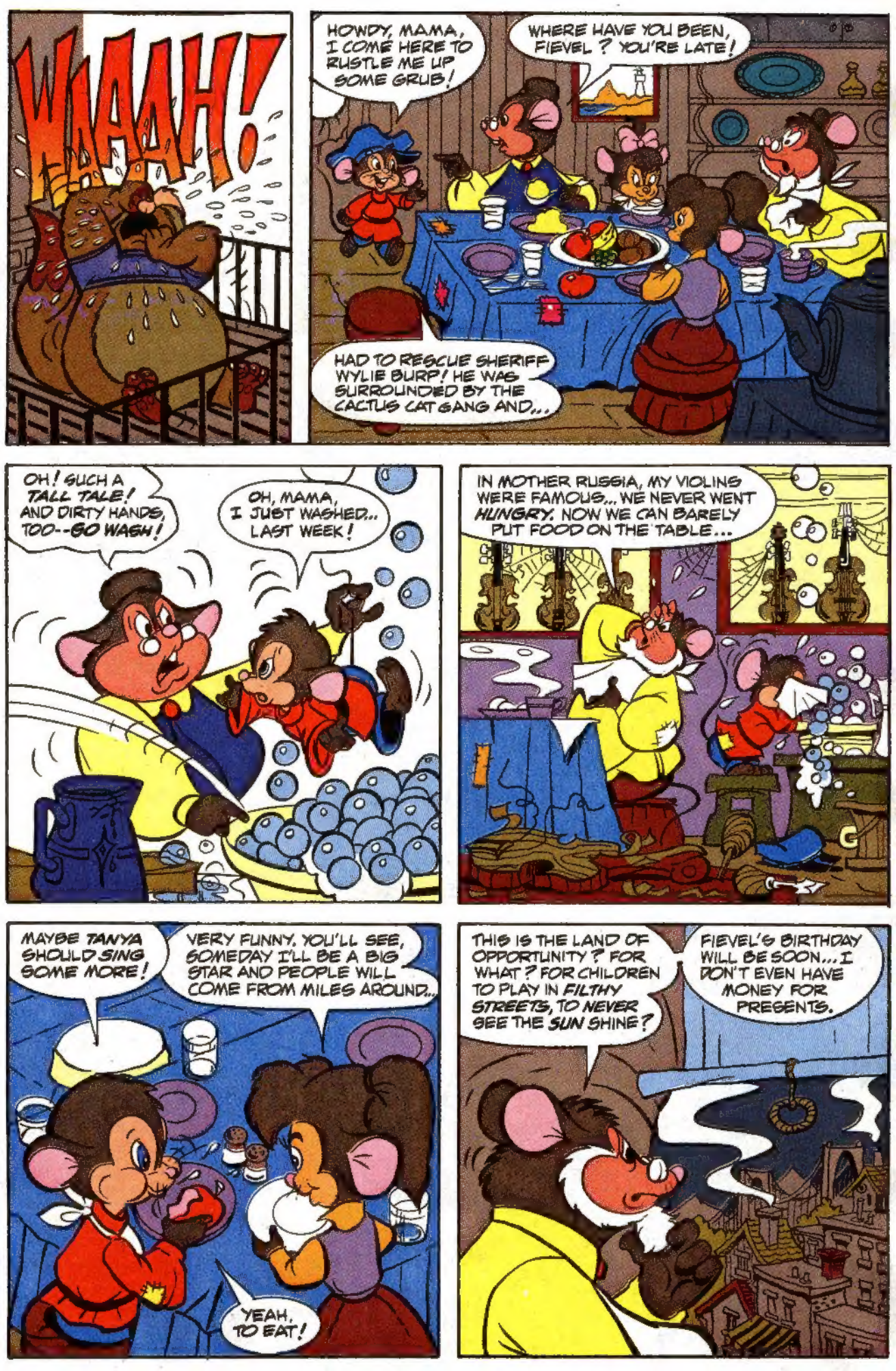
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY BREED?
CITY CATS GOT TOO MUCH PURR IN THEIR FUR! NOT ENOUGH HOWL IN THEIR GROWL!


I'LL BE DARNED IF IT WOULDN'T TAKE A CATACLYSM TO SNAP YOU OUT OF YOUR CATATONIA! AND I DON'T MEAN TO BE MEAN, BUT YOU'RE EVEN A LITTLE BIT OF A "FRAIDY-CAT"!

WHO TOLD YOU THAT? I'LL SHOW YOU. I'LL SHOW THEM... BRING 'EM ON! BRING 'EM ON, WHOEVER THEY ARE!
I DON'T WANT A TOM CAT, TOP CAT, OR EVEN A TOUGH TABBY! I JUST WANT... HOW CAN I SAY THIS? I JUST WANT A CAT WHO'S MORE LIKE A DOG!

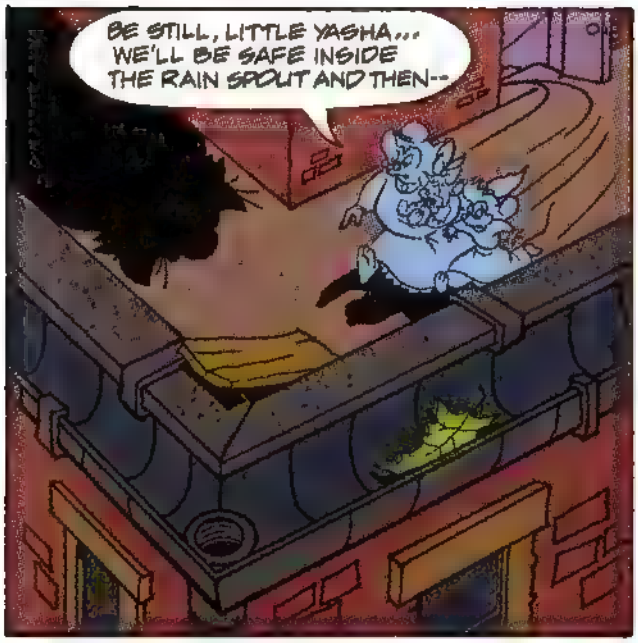

THAT'S MY RIDE OUT WEST. NOW SHOW ME YOU'RE TOUGH AND DON'T MAKE A FUSS, OKAY?
YOU MEAN..., THIS IS GOODBYE?


THERE ARE NO GOODBYES BETWEEN US, TIGER. AFTER ALL, WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE THE BRONX.
OKAY, I WON'T MAKE A FUSS! I CAN HANDLE IT, I CAN HANDLE IT, I CAN--


WAAAH!
HOWDY, MAMA, I COME HERE TO RUSTLE ME UP SOME GRUB!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, FIEVEL? YOU'RE LATE!
HAD TO RESCUE SHERIFF WYLIE BURP! HE WAS SURROUNDED BY THE CACTUS CAT GANG AND...
OH! SUCH A TALL TALE! AND DIRTY HANDS, TOO--GO WASH!
OH, MAMA, I JUST WASHED.. LAST WEEK!
IN MOTHER RUSSIA, MY VIOLINS WERE FAMOUS... WE NEVER WENT HUNGRY. NOW WE CAN BARELY PUT FOOD ON THE TABLE...
MAYBE TANYA SHOULD SING SOME MORE!
VERY FUNNY. YOU'LL SEE, SOMEDAY I'LL BE A BIG STAR AND PEOPLE WILL COME FROM MILES AROUND..
YEAH, TO EAT!
THIS IS THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY? FOR WHAT? FOR CHILDREN TO PLAY IN FILTHY STREETS, TO NEVER SEE THE SUN SHINE?
FIEVEL'S BIRTHDAY WILL BE SOON... I DON'T EVEN HAVE MONEY FOR PRESENTS.

OH, PAPA, I DON'T CARE.
I COULD ALWAYS SING IN FRONT OF THE GIFT SHOP AND THEY'LL THROW PRESENTS!
HOW AM I BLESSED TO HAVE SUCH FINE CHILDREN? MAYBE THINGS WILL GET BETTER!
AROOO!!
WHAT COULD THAT BE--?
ALARM! ALARM!
AROOOOO!
ALARM!
CAT ATTACK!!

IT BEGINS, MY DEAR T.R. CHULA! THIS FIRST ASSAULT WE SHALL KEEP CLEAN AND TIDY. PLENTY OF VIOLENCE, BUT NO EATING!
NO EATING! WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?
THE SEWER GRATE!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
WE HAVE TO GET OUT! WE'RE SITTING MICE IN HERE!
WHY THOSE NO GOOD ORNERY VARMINTS...
I'LL SHOW THEM WHO'S THE LAW IN THIS TOWN!
FIEVEL! COME BACK!
THANK HEAVENS!
FORGOT MY HAT!
FIEVEL!


BE STILL, LITTLE YASHA... WE'LL BE SAFE INSIDE THE RAIN SPOUT AND THEN--

ROWRR!
EEEE!
EEEE!

I SEE YOU'RE MISSIN' AN EYE, PILGRIM...

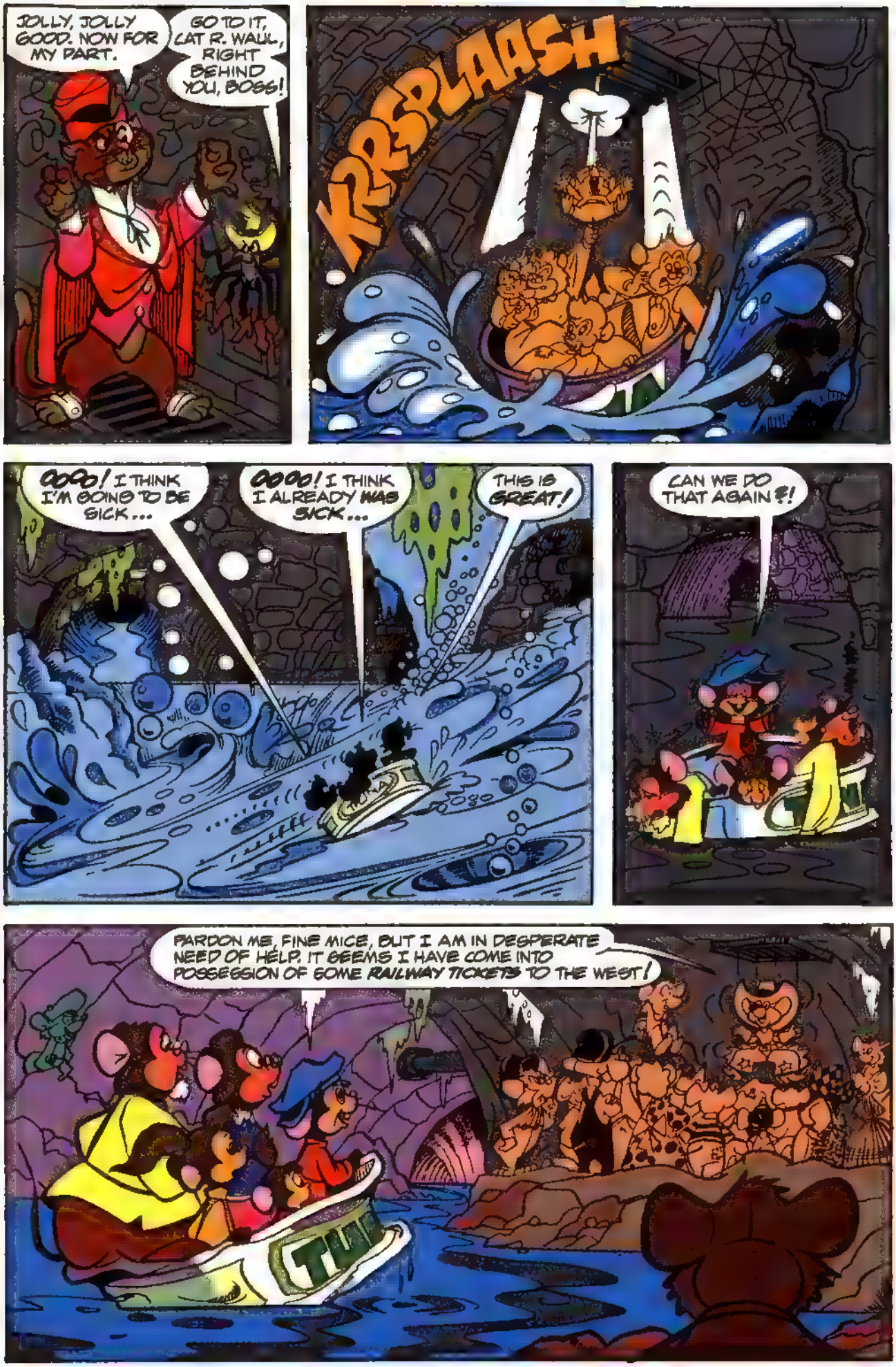
...FIGURE THIS MAKES IT A FAIR FIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT, I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, FURHEAD!

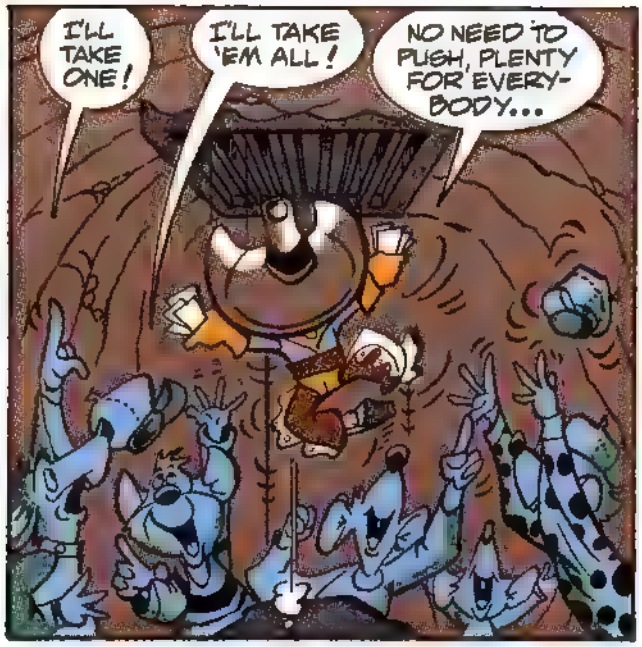
'COURSE, MAYBE IT WASN'T YOU, MAYBE IT WAS ANOTHER FURHEAD...

EEWORRR!
FOR YOUR LIFE, FIEVEL, RUN!
I'M RUNNING, PAPA!
C'MERE YOU LITTLE--
TUNA
KTAANG
HEY!! THIS ISN'T THAT BAD!
TUNA

MAMA, TANYA, YAGHA--GET IN!
TUNA
PAPA! IN HERE!
TUNA
MEOWWRR!!
WOW!
THRKAANG!
I'LL GET YOU ROTTEN LITTLE RODENTS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I--
KU-BOOM
DUH! LAST THING I--
DUH! LAST THING I--


JOLLY, JOLLY GOOD. NOW FOR MY PART.
GO TO IT, LAT R. WALL, RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BOSS!
KRRSPLAASH
OOOO! I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...
OOOO! I THINK I ALREADY WAS SICK...
THIS IS GREAT!
CAN WE DO THAT AGAIN?!
PARDON ME, FINE MICE, BUT I AM IN DESPERATE NEED OF HELP. IT SEEMS I HAVE COME INTO POSSESSION OF SOME RAILWAY TICKETS TO THE WEST!

...TICKETS TO SUNSHINE. I AM UNABLE TO USE THEM MYSELF, BUT THERE ARE SURELY SOME OF YOU LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM?
THAT IS WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF...
AFTER ALL, WHO AMONG YOU WOULD WANT A CHEDDAR CHEESE TREE? OR FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE, ESPECIALLY AFTER THESE DARK AND AROMATIC SEWERS...
HEY, WAIT! I'M INTERESTED!
YEAH, WHAT'RE YOU ASKIN' FOR THEM TICKETS?
NOT SO FAST, NOT SO FAST! THERE ARE OTHER PROBLEMS OUT WEST--WIDE OPEN SPACES, FOR EXAMPLE! YOU'LL BE FORCED TO GIVE UP RUBBING AGAINST YOUR NEIGHBORS IN CRAMPED TENEMENTS...

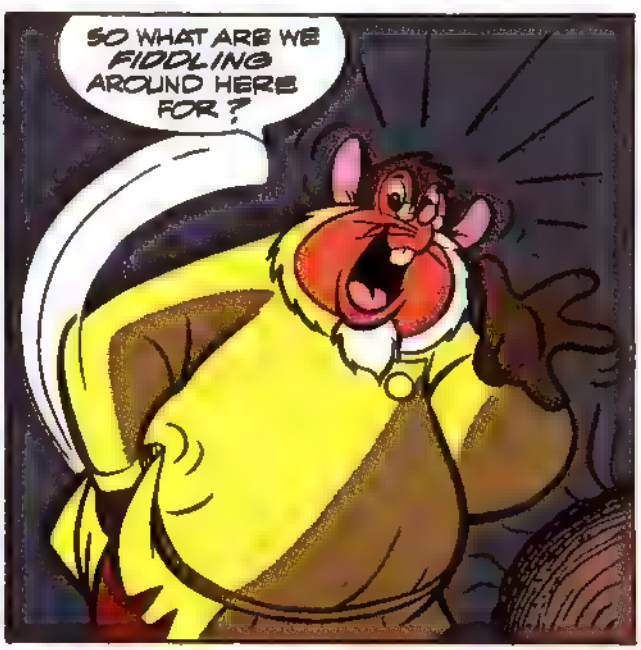

I'LL TAKE ONE!
I'LL TAKE 'EM ALL!
NO NEED TO PUSH, PLENTY FOR EVERY-BODY...

ARE THERE... ARE THERE CATS IN THE WEST?

ABSOLUTELY! AND IF YOU HAVE A FICKLENESS ABOUT FELINES, I SUGGEST YOU STAY PUT. FOR ON THE FRONTIER, CATS AND MICE HELP EACH OTHER!
AND IF THERE'S EVER ANY PROBLEM, SHERIFF WYLIE BURP IS THERE TO PUT THINGS RIGHT QUICKER THAN YOU CAN PUT HOLES IN A SLICE OF CHEESE.

WYLIE BURP! MAMA, PAPA, WE HAVE TO GO!

NO MORE NIGHTS WITHOUT CHEEGE...
MAYBE THEY APPRECIATE SINGERS OUT WEST--
GOO...


SO WHAT ARE WE FIDDLING AROUND HERE FOR?

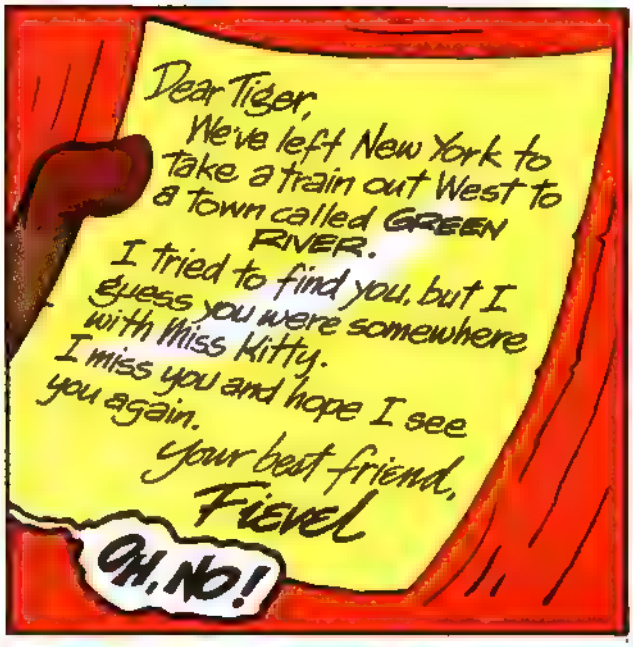
I'LL TAKE FIVE!
INDEED YOU WILL, SIR...

...INDEED YOU WILL! PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS...

OH, WHAT A TANGLED WEB YOU WEAVE, CAT R. WAUL!
COMING FROM YOU, MY DEAR CHULA, THAT'S QUITE THE COMPLIMENT!

FIEVEL? FIEVEL? MAMA? PAPA? TANYA? ANYBODY HERE?

IT'S EMPTY... OH NO... OH NO!


Dear Tiger,
We've left New York to take a train out West to a town called GREEN RIVER.
I tried to find you, but I guess you were somewhere with Miss Kitty.
I miss you and hope I see you again.
Your best friend,
Fievel
OH, NO!

OH NO OH NO OH NO!

LAST CALL! ALL PASSENGERS BOUND FOR ALTOONA, AKRON, ALKHART, KOOKAMONGA AND, UH, GREEEEN RIVAH!
LOOK MAMA!
AN ACTOR! AND A SINGER!
NOW, TANYA, YOU SHOULDN'T STARE AT THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN YOURSELF.
ALAS, POOR MICKEY, I KNEW HIM WELL!
FIEVEL, MY SON, WHAT IS WRONG? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HAPPY TO BE GOING WEST?
I WAS HOPING MAYBE TIGER WOULD COME SAY GOODBYE...
BYE TIGER, WHEREVER YOU ARE. YOU WERE THE BEST CAT I EVER MET.
JUST IN TIME! HANG ON FIEVEL, OL' PAL, TIGER'S ON THE WAY TOO.

BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes!

His name was Vincent Colletta, but everyone called him Vinnie. He started working for Marvel more than thirty years ago, before we were even known as Marvel. I believe we were called Atlas Publishing then. But the company name doesn't matter. What does matter is telling you what a great guy Vinnie was.

Hardly anyone except me knows this, because hardly anyone else was around at that time, but the first stories that Vinnie drew for us were romance strips. When I say "drew", I mean he did both the penciling and the inking, and he did them superbly. Now, I'm not talking ordinary, run-of-the-mill comic book romance strips. I'm talking about some of the most breathtakingly beautiful pen-and-ink illustrations you've ever seen! Vinnie treated each and every panel as if it were intended for The Louvre. I used to tell him he was putting too much work into each strip, that it wasn't necessary to make everything so lyrical, so pleasing to the eye, so incredibly perfect. After all, we were just printing 10-cent comic books. (10 cents! That'll give you an idea how long ago it was!)

But Vinnie couldn't help himself. He was a born perfectionist. If a drawing wasn't to his liking, he'd do it over and over again until he was satisfied. In the most literal sense of the word, Vincent Colletta was a truly dedicated artist.

Years later, after the romance fad had run its course, Vinnie offered to put his skill to use by inking our other strips, mainly super hero thrillers. For the next few decades, his speed, his dependability, his total professionalism, saved our deadlines and our schedules more times than I can ever tell.

The bullpen and I recently learned of Vinnie's passing. We'll always regret that we never had the chance to bid him goodbye But I want to take this opportunity to offer our most heartfelt condolences to his wife and family. Vinnie Colletta was a uniquely talented, charismatic artist who was always there when we needed him and who never gave less than his best. He was a credit to our industry. He was my friend. I miss ya, VC. So do we all.

Excelsior!

Stan

Stan Lee

Try to remember, the kind of November ... oops, wrong month. Now we'll have to think up a new opening. Okay, so this is the month where we all chow down on turkey, mashed potatoes, stuffing, cranberry sauce, and giblets (what the heck are giblets, anyway?), eating more food in one day than we do the whole rest of the year. Then we give thanks that we only have to eat cranberry sauce once a year, and Mom puts the whole thing in the freezer for a month so we can eat the same dinner again at Christmas.

Here at Mighty Marvel, we have a lot to be thankful for this year. For starters, our head honcho (and head hipster) **Terry Stewart** initiated our first ever company picnic this past August. The picnic was a huge success, with plenty of food and drink for all, and fun and games galore (with fewer casualties than we would've expected). Among the activities were softball, football, and volleyball (Marveloids will play any sport that ends in the word "ball"), with the highlight of the day being an impromptu wet t-shirt contest! Everyone is looking forward to next year's picnic, especially Ant-Man, who said he plans on bring lots of friends next time!

The Marvel softball team also had a lot to be thankful for this year. (Actually, there were TWO Marvel softball teams this year — so many people wanted to play that it was necessary to form two teams: the Punishers and the Hellraisers. But then the two teams merged about halfway through the season.) Both teams had largely unimpressive track records, but the season ended on a high note with a victory over arch-rival, the DC Bullets. DC had won the first two games against Marvel this year, so it was a particularly satisfying victory for our side as we crushed them in a devastating 8-0 shut out.

Team captains this year were neo-hipster **Paul Becton**, and hipster-wanna-be **Evan Skolnick**. Noted the easily-bruisable Evan, "This was the first game of the season in which I did not bleed." MVP's for the final DC game were **Fabian Nicieza** (who thinks it's square to be hip), ex-hipster **Craig Kunaschk** of the direct sales department, who pounded out a three-run homer, and assistant editor **John Lewandowski**, who was a hipster when being a hipster wasn't considered hip.

After the game, assistant editor (and intercontinental-hipster) **Richard Ashford** and his lovely wife **Carol Baird** (who's so hip she's got a different last name from her husband) threw a party at their digs in New York's Upper West Side. Players from the Marvel and DC teams showed up, and a good time was had by all. Truly it can be said that everyone came away a winner on that day (of course, the Marvel team were the real winners, and the DC team went crying home to their mothers! So there!).

NOVEMBER COOLOMETER

- *THE ADDAMS FAMILY*
- BORIS YELTZEN
- SCORSESE /DeNIRO MOVIES
- THE FANTASTIC FOUR
- *COMEDY CENTRAL*
- PETER BAGGE'S *HATE*
- ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT STATEMENTS
- MIKHAIL GORBACHEV
- *CAPTAIN AMERICA: LA PELICULA*
- IMAGE SEMINARS
- THE DISCONTINUATION OF FOAM PACKAGING BY McDONALDS
- SPIDER-MAN BALLOON IN MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE
- THE LETTER "L"
- TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION
- AMANDA PAYS
- AWARDS SHOWS
- SEMIPERMEABLE MEMBRANES
- NUTRASWEET
- ABC SITCOMS, ESPECIALLY "WHO'S THE BOSS"
- THE OCTOBER COOL-OMETER
- SELF-REFERENTIALISM
- NUISANCE SUITS
- MACAULEY CULKIN
- COMMUNISM
- THE NEW YORK SUBWAY SYSTEM

The kids of the St.Mary's recreational center in the South Bronx also have a lot to be thankful for this year — their building now sports a huge mural, filled with Marvel characters, painted by residents of the community. The mural was part of a project which takes kids off the streets and gives them a creative outlet. **Bob Budiansky**, who is a hipster from way back, helped the kids out on the project, ably assisted by demi-hipster (and everybody's sweetheart) **David Wohl**, whose return to staff was brutally ignored by this page several months back. Also assisting in this project was DEATHLOK artist and ultra-hipster **Denys Cowan**.

There are some thankful new fathers in the Marvel family these days — suspected hipster, GHOST RIDER writer **Howard Mackie** with his lovely wife **Deborah Highley**, just brought forth into this world a baby girl named **Alexandra**. Tripie-threat SPIDER-MAN hipster **Todd McFarlane** and his fabulous wife **Wanda Kolomyjek** just joined forces to produce a baby girl named **Cyan**. And mega-hipster slash inker **Mark McKenna** and his vivacious wife **Kathy** produced their latest creative endeavor — a little bundle of joy named **Erin Marie**. All of these babies arrived on schedule, which means they have absolutely no future in this business!

One guy who is not too thankful this year is MARVEL AGE assistant editor **Mike Lackey**, who wouldn't know a hipster if one came up and bit him on the nose. Mike is famous for having the smallest desk at Marvel. Well, recently Mike moved downstairs to the ninth floor when MARVEL AGE received a new editor, cowgirl/hipster **Renée Witterstaetter**. With the move came an even smaller desk for Mike! At this rate,we may just take Mike's desk away, and he can put a board on his lap and use that! Look at the bright side, Mike — at least you're not sitting on milk crates!

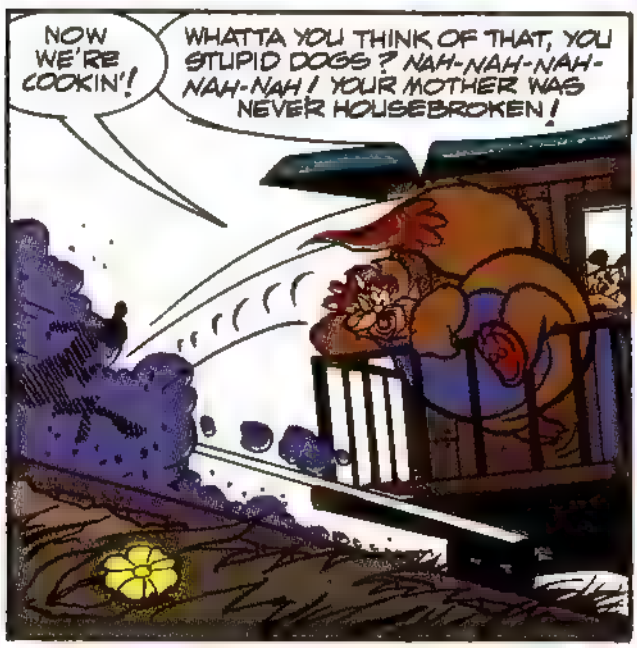
Be here next month for more hyper-hip pronouncements and fooferah. You know what they say, "When the going gets hip, the hip get hopping!'

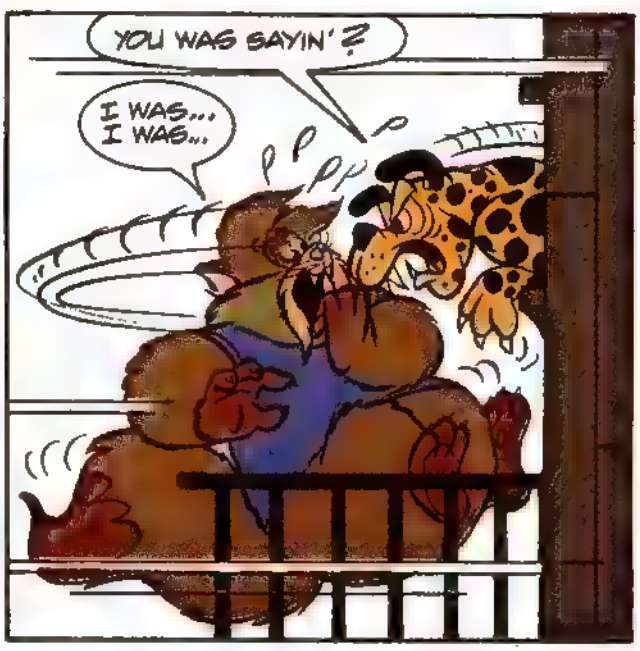
TIGER'S ON HIS--
--OH BOY!

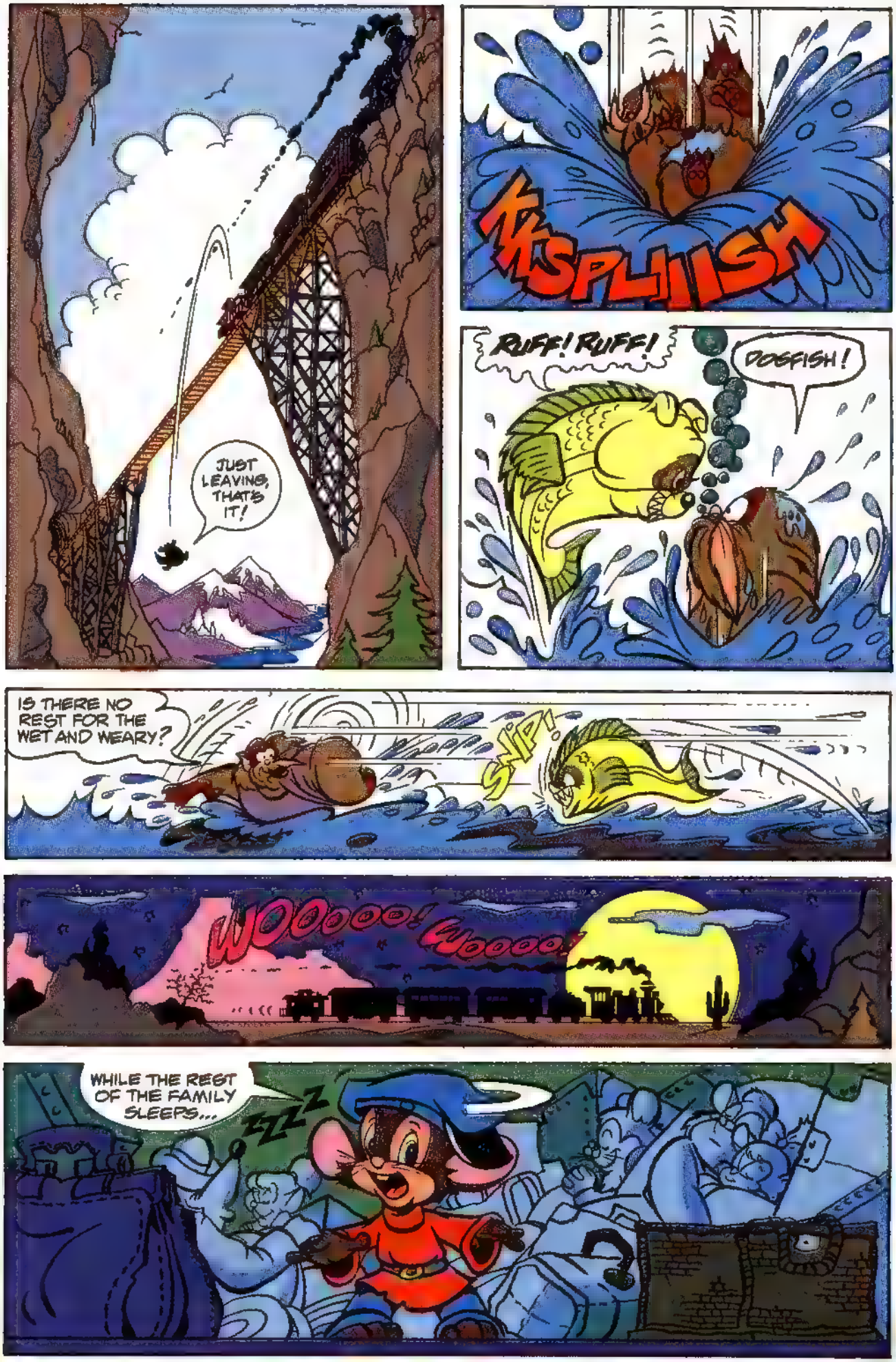
NOW LISTEN, GUYS, LET'S DISCUSS THIS, BE NICE. BE NICE!!
ROWF!
ROWF!

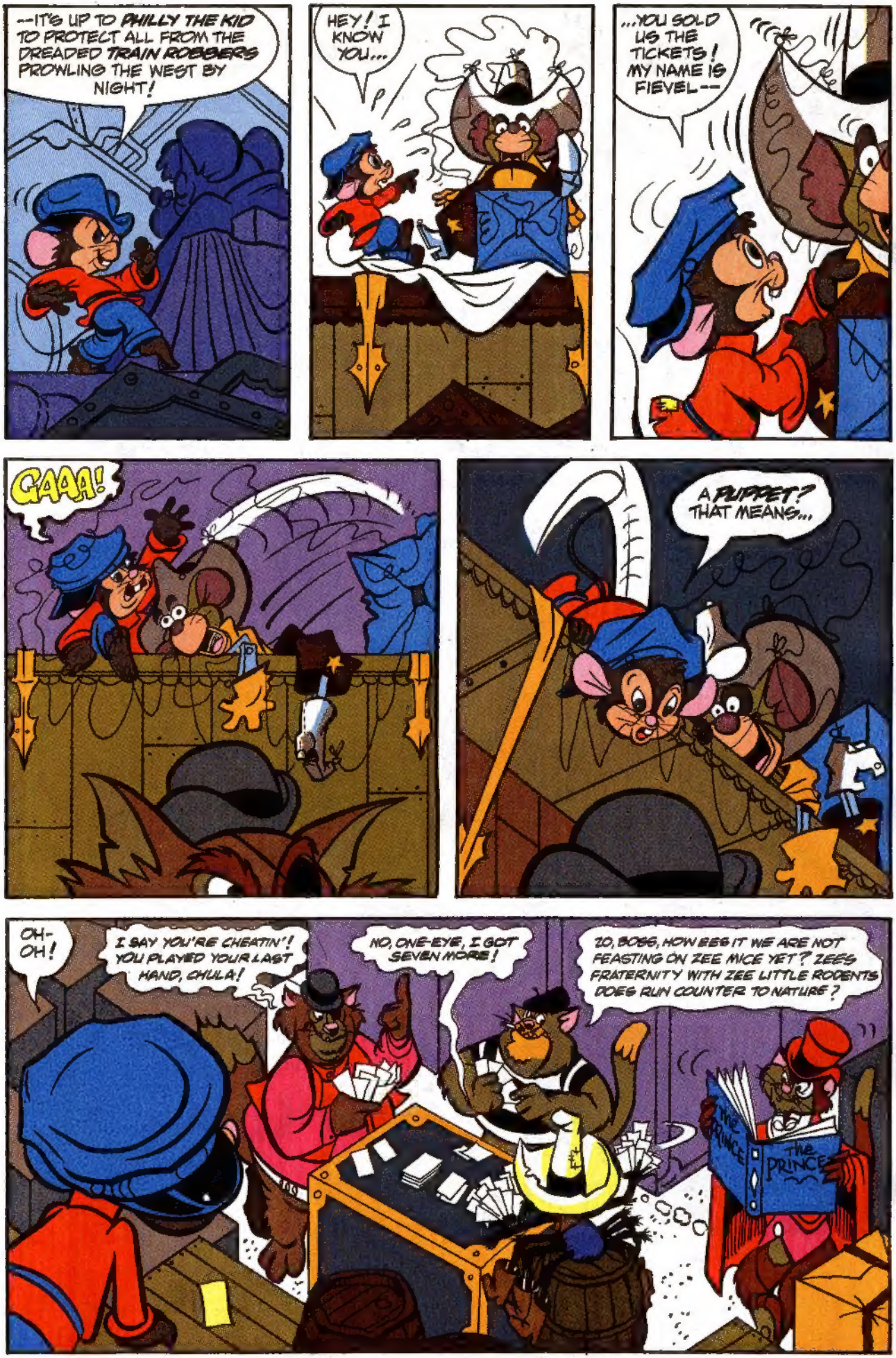
DOGS! I HATE THESE GUYS!
ROWF!

NICE DOGGIE...
...YEAH, RIGHT.

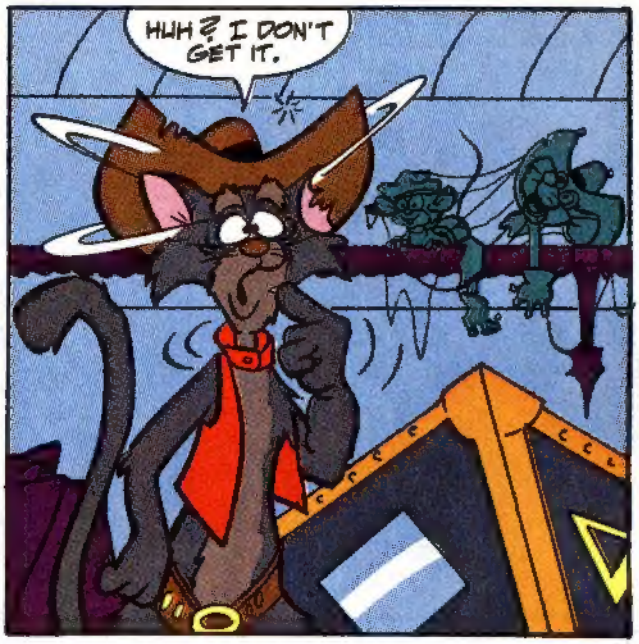

NOW WE'RE COOKIN'!
WHATTA YOU THINK OF THAT, YOU STUPID DOGS? NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH! YOUR MOTHER WAS NEVER HOUSEBROKEN!


YOU WAS SAYIN'?
I WAS... I WAS...

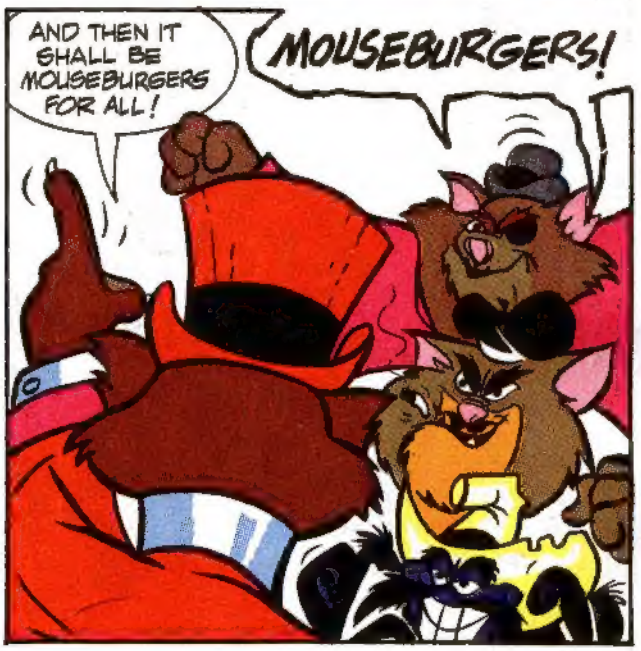

JUST LEAVING, THAT'S IT!
SPLIISH
RUFF! RUFF!
DOGFISH!
IS THERE NO REST FOR THE WET AND WEARY?
SNAP!
WOOOOO! WOOOOO!
WHILE THE REST OF THE FAMILY SLEEPS...
ZZZZ


--IT'S UP TO PHILLY THE KID TO PROTECT ALL FROM THE DREADED TRAIN ROBBERS PROWLING THE WEST BY NIGHT!
HEY! I KNOW YOU...
...YOU SOLD US THE TICKETS! MY NAME IS FIEVEL--
GAAA!
A PUPPET? THAT MEANS...
OH-OH!
I SAY YOU'RE CHEATIN'! YOU PLAYED YOUR LAST HAND, CHULA!
NO, ONE-EYE, I GOT SEVEN MORE!
SO, BOSS, HOW BEG IT WE ARE NOT FEASTING ON ZEE MICE YET? ZEES FRATERNITY WITH ZEE LITTLE RODENTS DOES RUN COUNTER TO NATURE?
THE PRINCE
THE PRINCE

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE, FRENCHY? THE CROUTON, OR THE ENTIRE CAESAR SALAD?
OF COURSE WE WILL EAT THE MICE, BUT ONLY AFTER WE HAVE EXPLOITED THEIR LABORS.


HUH? I DON'T GET IT.

WHY DOES THAT NOT SURPRISE ME, EARLESS? WE ARE NICE TO THE MICE BECAUSE IT BE-HOOVES US TO BE. IF WE HISS--THEY WILL RUN, AND WE WILL HAVE TO CHASE THEM--AN UNNECESSARY EXPENDITURE OF CALORIES.
IF WE TALK SWEETLY, HOWEVER, THEY WILL COME TO US IN DROVES.


AND THEN IT SHALL BE MOUSEBURGERS FOR ALL!
MOUSEBURGERS!

ALL THIS TALK OF FINE CUISINE DEMANDS AN APPETIZER...

NEXT STOP, MOUTH, THROAT, ESOPHAGUS, STOMACH, ILEUM, DUODENUM AND, UH, GREEEEN RIVAH!
ULP!

I'M NOT JUST STANDING AROUND WHILE THAT CREEPY CAT MAKES MOUSEMEAT OF THE CONDUCTOR--
--AND NEITHER ARE YOU!
WHAT? THIS WASN'T ON THE MENU!
THWOK
RUN! RUN!
DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE!
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
EEEEK!

A YOUNG PIONEER WITH EARS BIGGER THAN MY APPETITE...
...ALTHOUGH THAT IS A CONJECTURE BEST PUT TO A TASTE TEST! COME, MY FELINE FRIENDS--
--LET THE SALIVA FLOW!
HOW WILL THE WEST BE WON IF FIEVEL MOUSEKEWITZ BECOMES A MOUSEBURGER? THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION-- AND MANY OTHERS--AWAITS IN "A FISTFUL OF CHEESE!" NEXT ISSUE!